

# Always True to You in My Fashion

Peggy Lee

Oh, Bill  
Why can't you behave  
Why can't you behave?  
How in hell can you be jealous  
When you know, baby, I'm your slave?  
I'm just mad for you  
And I'll always be  
But naturally...

If a custom-tailored vet  
Asks me out for something wet  
When the vet begins to pet, I cry "hooray!"  
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

I enjoy a tender pass  
By the boss of Boston, Mass  
Though his pass is middle-class and not Backa Bay  
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way

There's a madman known as Mack  
Who is planning to attack  
If his mad attack means a Cadillac, okay!  
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way

I've been asked to have a meal  
By a big tycoon in steel  
If the meal includes a deal, accept I may  
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, Darlin' in my way

I could never curl my lip  
To a dazzlin' diamond clip  
Though the clip meant "Let 'er rip", I'd not say "Nay!"  
But I'm always true to to you, darlin, in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way

There's an oil man known as "Tex"  
Who is keen to give me checks  
And his checks, I fear, mean that sex is here to stay!  
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way

There's a wealthy Hindu priest  
Who's a wolf, to say the least  
When the priest goes too far East, I also stray  
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin'in my way

There's a lush from Portland, Ore  
Who is rich but such a bore  
When the bore falls on the floor, I let him lay  
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin',in my way

Mister Harris, plutocrat  
Wants to give my cheek a pat  
If the Harris pat means a Paris hat, Béb , Oo-la-la!  
Mais je suis toujours fidele, darlin', in my fashion  
Oui, je suis toujours fidele, darlin', in my way

From Ohio, Mister Thorne  
Calls me up from night 'til morn  
Mister Thorne once corner'd corn and that ain't hay  
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

From Milwaukee, Mister Fritz  
Often moves me to the Ritz  
Mister Fritz is full of Schlitz and full of play  
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

Mister Gable, I mean Clark  
Wants me on his boat to park  
If the Gable boat means a sable coat, anchors aweigh!  
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion  
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way